



IRON FIREMAN

Iron Man

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Elenore Anderson, Mrs. and Mr. Ed Sinclair, Jeanette Lux, Dorothy Zanotto, Kay Sims, Orville Miller.

IRON FIREMAN'S "SNOW CRUISE" or THIS IS WHAT YOU MISSED

Early in the morning on the beautiful day of February 16th, our chartered bus left Plant 1, laden with skiers (some nervous, some confident), seasoned mountain climbers and some just plain "cruisers."

An hour and a half later, an icy wind dashed drifting snow against our faces as we alighted from the bus at Timberline and our first impression was "Br-r, this is going to be a cold one."

However, once fortified with coffee, the weather looked much less vicious and skis, snow shoes, and mittens and mufflers rapidly were put to use.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair toured Mt. Hood via snow shoes. Arline Nicoll and her girl friend trudged around and learned that several people were getting no farther with skis than they were afoot. By this time, Esther Hensel was so far up the ski trail that she was completely out of camera range. Dott Zanotto contented herself with a lesser hill. She learned—on

her first day's skiing some time ago—that this was better than going down the Magic Mile. She has an x-ray of a broken arm to keep her memory fresh.

Katy Sims was having misgivings about the bindings on her skis and, after cogitating considerably, she announced that at some future date, with an instructor, she would develop her finesse. So Katy and Elenore Anderson indulged in a little mountain climbing, quite a bit in Lodge skiing and perhaps over-indulged in Timberline's wonderful 7-course ham dinner.

What happened to Dick Campbell and his wife I guess we will never know.

Lela Peters and her friends were giving moral support to the skiers but more to themselves as the day wore on and they wore themselves out plowing through the loose snow investigating scenic points. Jeannette

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Why try to just wear out a cold?
"Stevie can do a better job"

The Sales Department Reports

To the Men and Women who Make Iron Fireman Equipment

By C. T. BURG
Vice President in Charge of Sales

We are glad to have this opportunity to say a few words to all of you in the production end of our business at the turn of a new year.

First, we want to thank you for the splendid job you did during the closing months of last year. You really got rolling—just like old times. And our dealers appreciated it.

We go into the new year with great expectations and high hopes. Of course, like every previous year, we know 1947 will present its problems. But we in Iron Fireman are used to problems and we know they can be met and overcome with hard work and cooperation.

During the depression years and war years we continued to forge ahead. And, we expect to go forward (Continued on Page 2)

"HOT AIR"

A Guest Editorial by GEORGE HAEHLEN

Compressed air can be and is a potential danger. The writer has personally experienced being "goosed" with an air hose, and found it very uncomfortable. It seems that the Nazis in



George Haehlen

this last war went to the extreme and literally "blew up" some of their prisoners as a form of diabolical torture. Let's not have that in this country!

On another occasion, the writer was squirted in the face with water backed up in an air hose, after which he spent an hour having the nurse pick various and sundry particles out of his eyes.

Enough of that childish horse-play. Let's take a look at some "Don'ts" taken from a National Safety Council poster, to-wit:

1. Don't use compressed air to dust off hair or clothing.
2. Don't repair air tools unless air is shut off.
3. Don't sweep the floor with anything but a broom.
4. Don't use compressed air for a dust brush.
5. Don't "goose" a man with an air hose. You might kill him. In some states, it is considered cause for a charge of manslaughter.
6. Don't work with compressed air unless you have suitable goggles, a mask, or other protective clothing or safety device, as the character of the work may require.
7. Don't turn the air supply on a pneumatic tool unless the operating valve is closed.

In closing, the writer would like to add one more "Don't"—DON'T DISREGARD THESE WARNINGS: THEY MAY SAVE YOU AN EYE OR LIMB!

Sales Dept. Reports

(Continued from Page 1)

with even greater strides in the years ahead. We have everything here at Iron Fireman: a good product with a good name; a good production organization; good engineering; good management; a big market; and in addition to all these, we have the top sales organization in the entire heating field. Since it is this group that must be depended upon to move the merchandise you produce, we are sure every one of you is interested in just how the Iron Fireman sales organization operates. That's the reason for this report from the sales department.

The Sales Organization

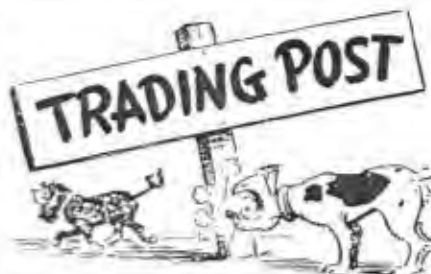
At present we have some 2,000 direct dealers and their sub-dealers throughout the United States and Canada, plus several foreign distributors. In most cases our dealer is the pick of the town. He is a substantial merchant; aggressive, and sold to the hilt on Iron Fireman.

We also have seven company owned retail branches in Chicago, Milwaukee, St Louis, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Toronto, and Portland. These branches are all large operations, and account for a substantial volume of business

each year. Then we have a number of men who specialize in selling our large industrial and spreader stokers to national concerns such as Swift and Co., Woolworth, General Motors, and many others. These men also sell to railroads and the government.

To serve our dealer organization we maintain a corps of 35 factory field men, or district representatives as we call them. Each one covers a certain territory ranging in size from a part of one state to several states. It's the district representative's job to appoint the best dealers in towns in his territory, set them up, work with them, stimulate them, and help them in any way he can to produce more sales. To supervise the activities of these field men, we have six division managers, whose responsibility it is to see that quotas for divisions are made each month.

With only 35 salesmen to service our huge organization, it stands to reason that a great deal of work must be done by our own factory sales department. In short, there are three major jobs that must be done by the factory sales department to coordinate the entire Iron Fireman sales organization into a smooth running and highly productive team. We must



FOR SALE: THE Buy of the Year! Diston Hand Saws — Cross-cut, 8 teeth to an inch. Best you can buy. See Doti Zanotto, Office.

keep the dealer organization informed and help them plan in advance, constantly school and train the men who sell Iron Fireman equipment, and provide them the necessary selling tools to work with. Here I will give you an idea of how each of these divisions of the Sales department operates, and why their work is necessary.

First there's the market research division whose job it is to estimate quotas and keep the company advised on market trends. They must plan in advance and tell us in January how many stokers we'll sell in August; tell us whether we should make more coal-flows or hopper mode longs or shorts; tell us what our competitors are doing, and what we must do to remain as the top organization in the field. With this information, the field men can advise the dealers what they should expect and how to plan for future business.

Since selling Iron Fireman products is totally unlike selling "plug-in" refrigerators or washing machines, our

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Why trust your memory or that of others as to your blood type, or services due under the hospital or insurance plans? "Stevie can do a better job."



It's Springtime in Butteville too.

Sales Dept. Reports

(Continued from Page 2)

dealer salesmen must be trained carefully so they can approach prospective buyers confidently, and be able to discuss the engineering and technical features of our equipment intelligently. To train these salesmen, Iron Fireman conducts sales training meetings, and prepares comprehensive correspondence courses and technical booklets. As a result of this extra effort on the part of the factory sales department, Iron Fireman has for years had the best trained dealer organization in the field, which means extra sales.

But to sell, our dealer organization needs tools. And providing those tools is the job of the sales promotion division. Hundreds of folders, booklets, catalogs, posters, selling kits, and selling aids must be designed and prepared to pass on to the dealers and their men. The sales promotion division must also guide our advertising so that the Iron Fireman messages in newspapers and magazines will reach the greatest number of prospects at the lowest cost.

There are, of course, many other jobs the people in the sales department must do to keep Iron Fireman products moving as fast as you make them. One is the annual Iron Fireman convention, when dealers from all over the continent pay their own way to come to Cleveland and plan with us the sales job to be done for

"SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT FISHING" He Says

By HAROLD DE PEW

"Chiefie" (that's short for "Editor in Chief") Miller sneaks up on my blind side and authoritatively says, "Write something funny about fishing and hand it in early next week." That's what the man said. That's just exactly what he said. And then he was gone. And after a lot of reminiscing, I began to wonder what's so funny about fishing?

I can go to the coast after steelhead, with little or no sleep, arrive at the favorite spot to find the Kee birds are out. Those are the little birds who flap their wings and stomp their feet and holler "Kee-ristopher, ain't it cold?" And they just ain't akiddin'. It is cold and so are my fingers from peeling icicles off the line, but I keep on casting. And after what seems hours and still no fish, and my arm feels like it's about to drop off, a stranger comes along, looks around, takes three casts, catches a big fish,

the remainder of the year. This year, our convention is scheduled for the week of March 31 to April 3.

In future issues of The Iron Man, we will give you more on the functions of the various divisions of the sales department. Thanks for listening.

Why just hope that strain won't get worse? "Stevie can do a better job."

makes with a silly grin, picks up his stuff and goes on. It only takes 10 minutes. What's so funny about that?

And I can go to Oregon City for salmon at 2 A. M. to be sure to get the boat in the right spot. Others with the same idea soon follow and by daylight, a long line has formed. It is somewhat cold and any sleep has been out of the question. It isn't long before I discovered no cushions had been brought along, and even though the seats are made of soft wood, they're still uncomfortable. The entire line produces fish but my spot. Nevertheless I'm not idle. My line continually becomes entangled with those of my close neighbors until a few uncouth remarks necessitate putting on more weight and fishing right under the boat. No chance for a fish there. Hope the sun comes out soon and warms things up a bit. Does it? No. The wind starts to blow and then it rains. Whoops, a strike, a hard fought battle! What have I got? A piece of slab wood from the mill. I can't find anything funny about that.

And then there's the morning three of us heavyweights go up to the falls, still after salmon, throw out the anchor and start to fish. Soon one of the lads has a fish on. After hurriedly reeling in, we go to the stern to see the fun. What happens? The stern nearly disappears beneath a wave and there's the bow five feet in the air. Well, someone has to go up forward and hold it down. Who goes? Me. And if you think a couple of broad backs in the end of a row boat can't blot out all signs of action from where I'm sitting, you're crazy. That's funny, I suppose.

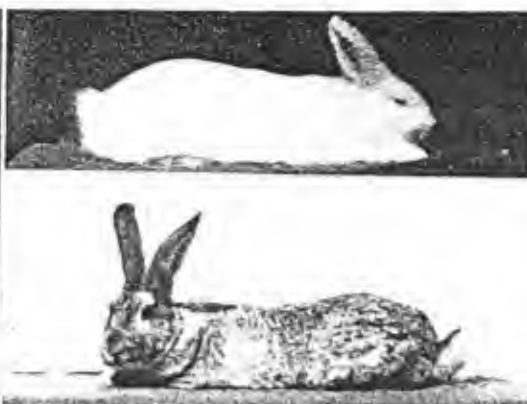
And then comes spring and I go out on the Clackamas river for trout. I catch fish this time. What are they? Grayling and chubs. Looks like it might be a nice day. Is it? Yeah, nice and wet. Light showers. Finally a down-pour comes along. Looks like it has set in for the rest of the day. Over half a mile to the car. Oh well, can't get much wetter. That's what I think. The dye runs out of that fancy blue cap down my face and neck. I'm thoroughly soaked and well colored up when I reach the car, and as soon as I get in what happens? Quits raining. That's funny too, I take it.

And there's the time I fell in the river on a cold October day. And I don't mean just over the boots. It's up over the collar this time. I'm so stunned and surprised I just sit there. But not for long. My pardner begrudgingly gives up his fishing to build a fire and help wring out the clothes. If there is anything funny about standing over an open fire in wet underclothes trying to get dry, with

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Said O'Toole in a manner bombastic
 "Wearing goggles is simply fantastic!"
 Now he's first to confess
 That he made a bad guess
 For he's choosing an eye made of plastic.



Charles Van Winkle (on the left); Little Chief, upper and Jimmy Boy, lower.

MY HOBBY, RABBITS

By CHARLES VAN WINKLE

Rabbits have always interested me. I raised rabbits for fun as pets when I was a kid in Kansas, and Chinchilla rabbits in 1929 during the Chinchilla boom. When I went to Colorado to work, I had to sell the rabbits. Not until we recently bought our home here on 111th, with about $\frac{3}{4}$ acre of land, did I have a chance to raise rabbits again.

On the back of our lot was an old Chic Sale, so I tore it down and built a hutch—a double decker room for two rabbits. Then I bought a pure bred New Zealand white doe with a litter of 7 bunnies two weeks old for \$15. From our start of one doe and litter, we now have about 150 rabbits. That was in July, 1945. In September, 1945 I bought a registered buck for \$15.

Well, before long I had to start building hutches. I had to hurry to keep ahead of the rabbits. They could multiply faster than I could build hutches for them. We now have 30 hutches. There are 24 working does, 4 bucks and the rest are young rabbits.

The white one pictured is Little Chief, junior buck, 5 months old, son of Multnomah Chief. The other is Jimmie Boy, heavyweight Chinchilla buck, son of a grand champion buck. A grand champion must take first prize in three different shows under three different judges.

I have not shown any rabbits yet, as I want to learn a good one from a poor one first. I intend to have stock in the Rabbit Show at the Auditorium in April.

Rabbits have been raised in Europe for hundreds of years for meat and fur. In the United States, not many were raised before World War I. But during the war, the government encouraged raising rabbits to supplement the meat supply. The people found that it was good, and since

then rabbit raising has steadily increased. During World War II, bunny was called on again to help win the war. Today there is a good market for rabbit meat in most sections of the United States.

Rabbit meat is all white meat. 85% of a dressed rabbit is edible, compared to 65% for dressed chicken. At our house, we figure a nice fried rabbit, gravy and hot biscuits just can't be beat.

Domestic rabbit fur is much finer than the fur of the wild rabbit, and has been known to wear for 15 years. A very large percentage of the fur coats sold in this country are rabbit fur under various fur trade names. Rabbit fur is used for coats, trimmings, mittens, linings for garments and felt hats. Fur felt is made from the poorer grades of fur. All rabbit fur has a value, but the white furs are worth more as they can be dyed any color and be made to imitate any fur.

The Angora rabbit produces wool, which grows 5 to 8 inches long in a year. It is sheared every 3 months when it is $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. This wool is very warm—eight times warmer than sheep's wool. The price now is \$5.50 to \$14.90 a pound, according to quality. One rabbit produces 12 to 16 ounces a year.

There are about 60 different breeds of rabbits, ranging from the Polish, which weighs about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., to the Flemish giant, weighing as much as 25 pounds.

Rabbits are raised for show, fur, meat, or for all three purposes. The last are called utility breeds.

The New Zealand is considered the best utility breed in this country. Of the two colors, white and red, the white is most popular because the furs bring the highest price. The N. Z. is the ideal meat rabbit. It has fine bone and matures quickly. In a year, the New Zealand doe of good

stock will produce 4 litters of 7 each. The young will weigh 4 pounds at 8 weeks of age, the market age. That is 112 pounds of meat per doe a year. The rabbit is the only animal that will produce 10 times its own weight in one year.

The baby rabbits are born 30 days after the doe is bred. They stay in the nest box about 21 days. Their eyes open in about 10 to 12 days, and they are weaned at 8 weeks.

The most money is made from raising and selling good breeding stock for from \$5 to \$100 each. A rabbit judge told me that one of my does was worth \$25.

The American Rabbit and Cavy Breeders Association sponsors all rabbit shows of any importance in the U. S. They have a standard for each breed of rabbits. Good rabbits must have a pedigree of 3 generations and meet the qualifications of the AR&CBA for the breed which the rabbit represents before it can be registered. It must also be free from all physical defects.

The U. S. government maintains a rabbit experiment station at Fontana, California. They are continually experimenting with feeding, breeding, diseases and hutch construction. They publish a number of free booklets.

The state colleges are now experimenting with rabbits, and the b. milling companies, with rabbit feeds. Fifteen years ago, rolled barley and alfalfa hay was the main rabbit food, but now you can buy a balanced ration for bunny at a slightly higher cost.

I have bought a lot of books on rabbits and got some free, and I subscribe to a couple of rabbit magazines. My wife says I am rabbit crazy, and I guess she is right. But rabbits are a source of pleasure to me. When they are first born, I usually look them over and count them. They will whimper and cry like small babies. Sure cute. Mama says I should warm my hands before I handle the little rascals. Then as they get about 3 to 4 weeks old, and first start to learn to eat, they remind me of small children. You know how hard it is to keep clean diapers on a kid. Well, the little rabbits are a problem too. They insist on using their feed crock for a toilet. They keep me constantly figuring how to outwit them. Their feed and water containers must be kept clean if bunny is to be healthy. Then as they grow older, I want to keep some of the nice looking ones, but no hutch space.

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Why try to get that annoyance out of your eye with a match or handkerchief? "Stevie can do a better job."

SHADES OF THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

THE OLD TIME GROCERY

By ARNETT McBROOM

The modern grocery store of today is a far cry from the old time store where our grandparents used to trade. Just for fun, I'd like to tell you about some of the differences.

Very few articles were put up in packages ready to hand the customer, but came in bulk and were sold by the pound. Sugar, crackers, beans, kerosene, vinegar, pickles, molasses and ginger snap cookies all came in barrels.

There were five different grades of sugar, three white and two brown. Granulated sugar had not as yet put in its appearance.

Coffee came in bulk and in one pound paper packages and sold for ten to fifteen cents per pound. Some bulk coffee was green and was popular with the farmers because it sold for less money. They would roast it in their cook stove oven. Tea also came in bulk and sold in any amount the buyer wished.

Crackers were sold by the pound and were mostly of the round variety. They were also very popular with customers as a light lunch and a good portion of each barrel would disappear as samples, if not kept pretty well in the background.

Dried fruit which included apples, peaches, prunes and apricots came tightly pressed in boxes weighing about 35 pounds each and were sold by the pound in bulk. About the only canned goods were corn, tomatoes and salmon.

Dry beans were handled in 100 lb. sacks. Rolled oats also came in 100 pound sacks, although there were two or three brands of oats put up in cardboard boxes which would carry prizes, generally a dish or spoon. They could be matched later if one bought enough packages.

Kerosene and molasses sold by the gallon and the customer furnished his own container. Spices of all kinds were sold by weight and cinnamon bark was used and had to be grated or ground at home if needed in powder form.

Farmers brought eggs and butter to the country grocer and traded for their needs in groceries. They carried eggs loose, several dozen in one basket or bucket, and most always there were several broken, which the grocery man would throw away.

Small town customers depended on the farmers for butter, which was printed in one, two or sometimes three pound rolls. Customers soon learned which farmers made good

butter and would want that particular person's butter. It was often a problem for the store to supply his town customers because too many of them wanted the same butter.

All the fancy breakfast foods we have today were not even thought of a few years ago. The first ready-to-eat (prepared) breakfast cereal was called Force and was a corn product, about the same as our present day corn flakes.

Lard was the only shortening used and was supplied by local farmers. It was also sold by the pound in bulk.

There were several kinds of chewing tobacco. Among the popular brands were Starr, Battle Ax and Climax. Then there was good old Granger Twist, a dry leaf tobacco to smoke in a pipe or chew. For other smoking tobacco, there was Duke's Mixture, Bull Durham and Drum. No tailor-made cigarettes—you rolled your own. Cigars—lots of them—sold at the very popular price of two for five, three for five and the more expensive ones cost a nickel.

Very little bread was sold. Usually one store in a small town would ship in bread by express from the nearest commercial bakery, and always white one pound loaves unwrapped and unsliced.

Except for potatoes, vegetables were not handled in small town grocery stores. All the natives had their own gardens. Flour was sold in 50 pound heavy paper sacks, generally made by a local flour mill run by water power.

There were a few different kinds of soap, both laundry and toilet, but no powder or fancy soaps like those you hear so much about on the radio today.

Cakes and cookies were a scarce article around the old time grocery. The first cookies we can remember were ginger snaps; they came in wooden barrels and were sold by the dozen.

The only cured meat a grocery store carried was side meat (bacon) cured by some farmer and generally too salty to be much good.

For heat in winter, there was an old pot-bellied stove, about the size of a small mountain around which the village loafers would sit and swap stories while carrying on a keen rivalry as to who was the best marksman at hitting a large cuspidor several feet away.

Yes, we had some pretty smart clerks, too. I remember an old lady came in to a store in a hurry and asked the bright young fellow if they

had anything in the shape of cucumbers, and he replied very quickly, "Yes, bananas."

SNOW CRUISE

(Continued from Page 1)

(Snow-Bunny) Lux made a stupe (short for stupendous) performance on skis.

Orville Miller pulled an Abbott & Costello act. He had never been on skis before and was naturally intrigued by what the instructor was telling her pupils. After hearing, "Bend your knees, Bend your knees!" for ten minutes, he headed up the mountain. By every right, he should have broken his neck. He zoomed down right past the ski class, stiff and straight as a ramrod, ankles tight together—and came to a perfect stop! The ski class watched with mouths agape. He did this three or four times and when I left the instructor, she was screeching "Bend your knees" at a fir tree and chewing on snow from her hat.

But Jeannette Lux was really good! Guess who wrote this?

An office manual used in 1856 by the Pirie, Scott and Company store in Chicago.

RULES FOR EMPLOYEES

Store must be open from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. the year around.

Store must be swept; counters, bases, shelves and showcases dusted. Lamps trimmed, filled and chimneys cleaned; pens made; doors and windows opened; a pail of water, also a bucket of coal brought in before breakfast (if there is time to do so) and attend to customers who call.

Store must not be opened on the Sabbath unless necessary, and then only a few minutes.

The employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, being shaved at the barbers, going to dances and other places of amusement, will surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and honesty.

Each employee must not pay less than \$5.00 per year to the church and must attend Sunday school regularly.

Men employees are given one evening a week for courting and two if they go to prayer meeting.

After fourteen hours of work in the store, the leisure time should be spent mostly in reading.

Why wait for the sting to leave that little burn? "Stevie can do a better job."



STRICTLY PERSONAL



Following closely in the footsteps of Jose Iturbi are **Evelyn Elkins**, **Lois Jones** and **Ruby Peterson**. They are budding young pianists of two month's practice. Concerts by arrangement (their own mostly).

It's a new girl for **Ed Lunda**!!! Name of **Irene Schoenheinz**. Dare you to say her last name and **Anna Hohnstein's** three times in a row—correctly.

Shades of Spring. It's red for **Pat Owsley**—and we like it.

Twenty-one girls were present at the luncheon given for **Fern Harris** on her last day at IF. **Fern** received a very pretty corsage and a handsome merchandise bond.

Those hamburgers and pies were so good that we wonder if we shouldn't call ourselves the Iron Fireman Over-feeds.

Tiny Wright played host at Iron Fireman to an old friend of his, **Ted Droppleman**, of Boeing Aircraft in Seattle.

We Portlanders love to hear stories like this. **Bob Weber** (Engineering) and his wife started out from Cleveland with a trailer in search of the "promised land." First they went to Texas, then over into Juarez, Mexico, back up to New Mexico to see the Carlsbad Caverns, through Arizona and California. They liked California very much, but having heard about Oregon, they continued on. Just to arrive at an unbiased decision, they took a look-see at Seattle and British Columbia. Since California had made such a good impression, they drove back again. However, they were now convinced that Portland, with its proximity to the mountains and the sea and so many National parks within two days' drive, was the answer to their 8000 mile search.

Frank Quirk is our number 1 copy maker this issue. No foolin', this fellow is versatile. One morning while making his rounds he mentioned that he planted his peas yesterday. Yep, planted two cans of them from Fred Meyers. Even after draining the water off they were pretty soft but finally they were planted and the can nailed on a post to show what kind. To any protest, **Frank** pretended complete ignorance.

Many people seem to feel any profit is practically a crime, but not our **Frank**. He seems to think a 25% profit on each transaction without any in-

vestment is about right. At least in the hammer business.

On the 13th of this month, all such frivolous and mundane affairs were forgotten upon receipt of a phone call from his son, **Russell**, who was approaching Newfoundland after five years of foreign duty. The extra glow around the shop that day was just **Frank**.

The 28th of February was an unlucky day for the fingers of two of our members. **Les Strand** got a good portion of one finger ground away when a rag flipped into a running emery wheel and took his finger with it. You can all guess how sore that it going to be for some time.

Rex Smallmon went home with two broken bones in his hand when a wrench slipped. Later, due to nervous shock, his stomach became violently upset, with the result **Rex** spent several days in the hospital.

We've missed **Art Pulliam**, who has been out for over a month with a skin infection. Hope we'll be seeing you back in the shop soon. **Art**.

Some of the co-workers around the gear hobbies department are not very high in their praise of the vocal music that comes from that area.

The head man in the carbide grinding department may be just trying to line up some more help. In that case, its **O Kay**.

Here is a plug that we are more than willing to make. Our long time friend, **Art Sweet**, is hale and hearty again and has opened a radio shop. The address is 537 N. Skidmore and the phone is TRinity 6232. **Art** will be glad to see either or both your face and business.

Even though our parking lot is big, it was found not large enough unless system and order prevailed. One day it was blocked at both ends, but **John Leake** was sent to the rescue and with his marks on the ground, everybody is happy again.

The office has been under quite a strain lately waiting to find out whether **Elenore Anderson** was to be an Aunt or an Uncle—but she's happy to announce that she is Aunt to little **Vicky**.

Retail Sales last week welcomed **Chet Banta** into their organization as a salesman. We at Plant 1 are going to miss him, but we're glad to see him find the type of work he likes

here in the same company. Good luck on your new job, **Chet**.

Chet asked us to express his thanks to everyone for the cooperation and friendliness that was accorded him while he was in the Personnel Office, since he did not have a chance to see everyone personally before he left.

We're glad to see **Reg Strange** back in the shop, after being in the Merchant Marine for over two years.

It isn't often now that we have an opportunity to welcome one of the fairer sex back to the shop. All her friends are glad to see **Lucile Lithio** back with us again. Both **Lucile** and **Reg** are in Assembly.

Dick Walker is our new Assistant in Personnel. We know you'll like him, and hope he'll like his work here.

New faces in the shop include **Raymond Fischer**, **Vaughn Kortum**, **Harold Harrison**, **Arthur Hill** and **George Jett** on Drills; **Chester Fancher**, **Pla No. 2**; **Joe Pierce** and **Albert Goetsch**. Shipping; **Harold Lucas** and **Stanley Swierk**, swing shift; **Lewis Bailey**, Assembly; and **Melvin McCrary**, painting. Welcome to our Iron Fireman family.

On St. Patrick's Day, the entire office force turned out in green except, strangely enough, **Miss Devlin**.

We owe **Barbara Dysle** a vote of thanks for the many bunches of violets she has brought to brighten up our desks.

Noted in the March 24 Oregonian personals: A girl in the window over main door of Iron Fireman is admired. Watch for green truck mornings. How about that, **Mary**?



Pete Gorenoff's grandson, **Marvin Fisher**, and **Chyrel Marie McGuire**.

OLD MAID'S CORNER

From Heating Control Division

Our Motto:
"It wasn't told to me, I only heard."

Hello! hello! hello! We want to welcome to Heating Control Division all the new employees who have joined us since the last issue of the Iron Man went to press—Robert Schnepf, Robert Taggesell, Irene Flomer, Ina Marsett, Beulah Deutscher, Richard Oberstaller, Floyd Brigham, Don Draper, Betty Stav, Betty Zeiler, Millie Buzzee, Rose Bafaro, Clara Keller, Dorothy Bowers, Laverne Cripps, Charles LaMar, Wanda Anderson, Elizabeth Basting, Edward Kraft, Robert Hathorn, Keith Hansen, Francis Hopper, Hervey Park Jr., Gloria Einman, Madeline Severson, Betty Gustine, Jean McIntosh, Elsie Dare, Elfreda Johnson, Harold Abbott, Louise Sattergren, Kathleen Hall, Ruth Miller, William Wall, Warren Messick Jr., Russel Blankenfelt, George Hellriegel, Kathryn Ray, Cora Davis, Matilda Ready, Robert Armstrong, Don Hobbs, George Skinner, Arthur Gilmore, Darold Beymer, Emerich Basting, Anton Basting, Lyman Whitney, Carrol Carpenter, Pauline Kraft, Edith Jourdan, Frances E. Kraft.

Former employees who are with us again are Paulena Shown, Erna Nelson, Adeline Kirchem, Glenn E. Miller, Irene Burke, Edith Cripps, Nettie Mercer, Valborg Wilkie, and Ruby White.

Why ignore that little nick and its tenderness? "Edith can do a better job."

IRON MAN

Published each month by the employees of the
Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company
Portland, Oregon

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SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE GREASY DITCH

BY KING HANDLEY

What little man between six and sixty hasn't dreamed of going to sea sometime during his life span? But most of us just dream—it's lots cheaper and lots less work. However, one Heating Control Division Toolmaker did something about his dreams of sailing over the ocean blue.

Merle Triplett, one of the ole' timers in the tool room, who from now on will be referred to as Admiral, is our local Popeye. Last summer Merle purchased through the War Surplus Board for the sum of \$200.00, a 22 ft. long, 7½ ft. beam, ¾" Plywood life boat, one made for the Maritime Commission by Gunderson Bros. Getting a good supply of marine plywood (which we are not going to ask him where he was able to get but, knowing it is still a tough item to get, we wonder), he then proceeded to build his cabin, doing this evenings and Saturdays and Sundays.

The boat soon took shape, and after installing his shaft, rudder and motor, it was off for launching. Complete with fresh water tank, sleeping accommodations for three, cooking stove, and everything necessary to make a good trip. One thing, though, we forgot to ask was which floor the little boys' room is on, but I suppose

Why ask someone inexperienced to get that out of your eye? "Edith can do a better job."

For the information of any of our public who haven't recognized the fellows in the tintype of last issue we will not reveal all but will give their names. As told in the last issue one works at Plant 1 and one at Heating Control. In the center of the back row is Clarence De Grandpre and on our right with his face around the cigar is Arnet McBroom. Mac said he has seldom been so surprised as when he saw this picture in our little publication. Mac and Clarence have been trying to get together and as soon as they do, and get their stories agreed upon, we may have more to report on those gay and giddy doings.

it's right next to the little girls' room—it usually is, isn't it?

We are standing on the aft deck, casting a weathered eye over the little craft when some bright stew asks, "Does it run?" What a question to ask a man who has just spent \$500.00 cash and four months of his leisure, putting all his time and skill into every inch of this sturdy craft! Will it run? Oh, Brother!!!

When the Admiral was finally quieted down, he took his position at the helm and, shouting "Anchors aweigh! Full speed ahead," up the mighty Grease Crick (Willamette River, tourist) we rode, swells breaking over her stately bow, rolling and tossing on each wave, holding her course steady as she goes, as proud as the queen she is. However, rounding a turn, one catches us broadside, that is to say, about 300 gallons of water pours over the gunnals, leaving crew, motor, and even the Admiral in about six inches of good ole' water. No one really objected—that is all part of the game—that is, except the motor, which just quit!

The Admiral, maintaining his poise, shouts, "Man the life boats; oars overboard!", and some bright stew (must have been the same one that asked, "Does it run?") (Yes, it was I just asked him), throws one oar overboard, leaving the entire ship manned by one oar, which was used no end to row the little jewel to shore where it was secured and all hands walked one block and took the street car home. The End.

P. S. Hats off to Merle; he has a fine boat and should be proud of a job well done.

Why take a chance you won't need a report on file for that minor injury? "Edith can do a better job."

RED CROSS REPORT

Final figures on the recent Red Cross Drive show that the total contributions were \$954.50 for all the Portland divisions. Although we did not quite meet our goal of \$1290, we did reach the 75% mark. Thanks a lot for your generous contributions.

VITALISTICS

STORK CLUB:

To Mr. and Mrs. Ken Tupper, Retail Sales, a daughter, Suzanne Joyce, 1 lb. 3 oz., March 3.

WEDDING BELLS:

Don Glutsch, Drill Presses, Plant 1, to Helene Browne, March 3.



Harold DePew seems to enjoy this trip.

"SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT FISHING" He Says

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the wind whistling through my whiskers. I can't see it.

And then there's the evening that the three of us started out for Paulina and East Lakes. Along in the middle of the night, a wheel comes off the trailer. Did you ever try to find a welder in Central Oregon at 4 A. M. on a holiday? It's a neat trick if you can do it. I finally got one out of bed at 7. And I might mention I never saw so many nasty people in so short a time. They have some beautiful sunrises over there, but they wouldn't know. They never see them. And then that old sun ball really came un. Boy, did it get hot, and right then is when the motor started to boil. We stopped at every irrigation ditch, creek and any spot that even looked slightly damp. I did everything but fan the motor with a wet towel, and that I refused to do. It was a case of too heavy a load for a freshly overhauled motor. It was soon broken in, not wisely, but well.

That last pull up to the lake was a dandy and though the creek paralleled the road, each stop created a longer and steeper jaunt for water. We finally made it over the hump to the lake by packing snow between the radiator and grille. Now get this picture. We're at the lake, time is 4 P. M., been up for two days and one night, took 20 hours to drive 250 miles, we're tired, hungry and thirsty and somebody says, "Not much daylight left. Let's put the boat in and get to fishing. We'll make camp and eat when we get back." Oh, brother!! Give me strength. That ain't funny either.

And then when I arrive home fish-

SHOTS → → →

From the Firing Line

The main event of the past month was the postal team match conducted by the Oregon State Rifle & Pistol Association. Iron Fireman had a team with a Sharpshooter average consisting of Bert Miller, Elton Reddekopp, Harold DePew, Otto Jorek and Rex Smallmon. They placed second in their division. It seems that this second place is something of a habit with our boys, as Rex Smallmon and Bert Miller attended the open tournament staged by the Portland Rifle Club and gathered in 3 awards between them. Yep, all second places. Bert was our only competitor left firing in the Columbia Rifle League (with the Portland Rifle Club's No. 1 team), and while the team managed to win first place in the league on both actual scores and on games won and lost with handicap, I guess where Bert was. Second place in the league and on the team! If only that would continue when they fire in the Nationals next month!

Blaine Williams filled in on one of the Portland Rifle Club teams in the postal match and while the team was way down, Blaine was, of course, second on the team.

Dick Campbell is the newest recruit, and things seem in better shape with the return of Lucille Lithio, one of our "fairest" shooters.

Why wait to get home to treat that sore throat that starts to develop during the day? "Stevie can do a better job."

less, the good wife asks, "Where've you been this time?"

"Fishing," I reply as nonchalantly as possible.

"Oh yeah?"

"Well, I smell like fish, don't I?"

"Yes, but why don't you bring one home to prove it?"

"Something funny about fishing," he says. Why doesn't someone tell him there's nothing funny about fishing? Why do I keep going? I often wonder!

Budget—Something you can't live within or without.

PINBALL PATTERN

By GEORGE PORTER

Our two teams entered in the big City Tournament at Portland Alleys the first of the month didn't do enough to brag about, but the same ten men also participated in the double and singles events. In the latter events, the second and third best Class A bowlers in the city of Portland are two of Iron Fireman's "Hotshots."

They were none other than Bill Schuff, who took second money with a 635 series, and Earl Winkler, who was third with 625. Both Bill and Earl are good sports as well as good bowlers and we are mighty proud of both of them. Congratulations, fellows.

Last week's bowling (March 13) was just another night for most of the boys, but Ed "Hotshot" La Fortune went hog wild. Ed rolled 251, 220 + 203 for a nice 638 series. Ed also takes over 2nd spot in individual high 3 game and sort of eases Fred Hansen out of the money. (Poor Fred, and with no dough on the high ten this year.)

The Carnations (the lucky devils) took their usual 3 points with games of 865, 849 and 842. Its a good thing Ted Kinney rolled 562.

The Bachelor Buttons took 4 points from the dear old Poppies who are hugging the cellar position. Ed La Fortune's 638 plus a couple of ringers, namely Lewis Cox and his 512 and Walt Manning, were just too much for the Poppies.

My Hobby, Rabbits

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We also have some pretty little Dutch rabbits, which weigh 4½ pounds at maturity. They have a dividing line in the center; the rear half is blue and the front is white. They have blue heads and ears, with a white blaze on their foreheads and white stockings on the back legs. They are a show rabbit, and are black, blue, chocolate and gray. We have the Blue Dutch. We use them for nurse does for our larger New Zealand whites. If the New Zealand doe has a litter of 11, we let her raise 7 and give 4 to the Dutch doe to raise. The Dutch are good foster mothers and eat very little.